

citizens, here is our pattern:
are you living for? What is the
secret purpose that controls all
your existence? What do you
eat and drink for? What is the end
of marrying and giving in marriage,
money-making, and tolling at
mines? Is it the Salvation of souls
or the throw of the kingdom of God
on its ear? I don't feel
now. If I know my own heart it
is yearning at this moment for the
lineal of all men socially
and my commonwealth.
I am standard to follow
whithersoever He goeth, and

I cannot give it up, sir, its too much for me. I would like to be saved, what shall I do; what can I do to be saved? This was part of the sayings of a man who had been well up in years at the penitentiary farm. A few nights ago who to all appearance was in the greatest agony of soul the crimes of so many years were burdening him terribly and the bad black hellish habits those sins had caused him to form were evidently

A chain binding him severely

I asked what is it do you want the darkness? It is washed away? Oh, yes sir, I do.

ever about Jesus and
now, comrades;

is more to me than all the games in the universe, and I'm satisfied to live only in

No. 2. Jesus satisfies him now without either beer, tobacco, or snuff.

our friends, your acquaintances, but
some wandering souls, who in view of

ye enlightened—the souls of those whom you have loved, blood of your blood, flesh of your flesh, friends, are round on the left hand. What will you do, what can you do? The end is here. You are called to give an account of your stewardship. You might have warned

Look! I see another eye which regards me with reproach, before which your whole being bows—the eye of Him who yokes you in your misery and your sin, who ever loses sight of you, who has always you found full of love, of mercy, of pity for you. That look pierces you through and through. He asks you, where are you? Is he not lost, the soul He sent you to seek, hovering you the road? Not only your friends, your acquaintances, but these wandering people, who in view of

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